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No. III.

In my first number I inferred from the vast size, immense numbers, and distances of the Heavenly bodies, and the inconceivable velocity of their motions in their orbits, the existence of a God of infinite power and wisdom: But I did not state when I mentioned the immense velocities of the Planets, the astonishing power which retains them in their orbit; the wonderful contrivance by which the centrifugal and centrepetal forces, as they are called, are so balanced and regulated, that the former is restrained by the latter from driving the planets off in a tangent to their orbit; and the latter is prevented by the former, from drawing them from their orbits and plunging them into the Sun. If the centrepetal force were to cease, or be suddenly withdrawn, the Planets would fly off as a stone from a sling, when the string which had retained it in its orbit is let slip, or is broken: and if the centrifugal force should cease, the Planets having nothing to counteract the attraction of the sun, they would be drawn from their orbits into the Sun. Now if we consider the immense weight even of our Earth whose diameter is 7920 miles, projected with a velocity of 1,133 1-3 miles in one second, how vast must be the power of the Sun's attraction at the distance of 95,000,000 of miles, that retains it in its orbit:

and how wonderfully must that power be adapted to the other which projects it thro' the expanse of Heaven?

But although Astronomers have demonstrated that such forces or powers do act as just described, and have given them significant names, even Newton himself their great discoverer, never could comprehend their nature—Nor can the human mind conceive that ATTRACTION, or the drawing of one body to another, can be effected except by some material substance sufficiently firmly fixed to the body to be attracted, as to the Earth, for example; and acted on by some body equally firmly fixed to that in which the attraction resides (as in the sun, in the case of the Planets,) and capable of drawing the attracted body or planet to it. Thus, a man with a rope in his hand of sufficient strength, if it be fastened to a boat in the water, may by it attract or draw the boat to him: but if there be no rope, or other thing or material substance which connects the man with the vessel, should he draw it to him, he must do it by a supernatural power, or by what is termed a miracle: for God alone can do any such thing, and it is his Almighty Power alone which acts on the planets: He made them, and gave them their projectile forces, and restrained them in their orbits by what Astronomers call the laws of attraction. The attraction of cohesion and of electricity, of galva-

nism and magnetism, and chemical attraction are equally unintelligible. No Philosophers do understand how attraction acts, or what it is: and were it not for their ignorance and vanity, they would confess, that it is the secret operation of the great Creator, by whom "they themselves live, move and have their being," and by whose goodness they are enabled to reason and discover whatever may be necessary for their happiness—but not what could only increase their vanity and pride: And as I asked in my first Essay, I ask again, What does the Philosopher know? What of the nature of *steam*, for instance? Can he conceive how the particles of which it is composed act, by what *they* call their elastic force, so as to exert the astonishing force they do? What is the elasticity of steam? And how is every particle of which this vapor is composed, (when expanded into many hundred times the space it occupied when it was in the form and substance of water,) rendered so astonishingly repulsive of its adjacent particle, as to be incapable of being confined in the same vessel by any force that can be applied to it? Air can be easily condensed, and may be compressed into a smaller space than it naturally occupies, as in the Air Pump and Air Gun; and may also be rarified and expanded beyond our conception; but, water cannot be condensed or compressed without extreme difficulty if at all (see the Florentine experiment;) and yet we see it rarified inconceivably, and its power in a wonderful manner increased by this very rarefaction. How does Heat act upon Air and Water; to give their particles such an

astonishing power of mutual repulsion?

But to return from this digression. After contemplating the immense size of the Heavenly bodies; Jupiter, for instance, 1049 times larger than our Earth, whose diameter is about 7930 miles, and that of the Sun above 877,650 times larger than the Earth; and that the size of thousands of stars discovered by the Telescope must be at least equal to that of the Sun, we must be induced to believe that they owed their existence to an all-powerful being. And after considering the order and harmony of their motions, and the use to which the Moon's appulses to, and occultation of fixed stars, and the Eclipses of the Sun and Moon, and of Jupiter's Satellites, are and may be applied in verifying ancient dates, in the improvement of Geography, and perfecting Navigation, we must see not only design and astonishing wisdom in that Almighty Being, but an adorable goodness and kindness to mankind, not only in making such dispositions of the heavenly bodies, but in permitting such a short-sighted ignorant being as man is, to discover principles by which he has made what would appear without a miracle, beyond the reach of human investigation, plain, demonstrable and of infinite service to mankind.

Let us now turn our eyes from the Heavens and telescopic discoveries, to those objects on earth which may be called inconceivably small, and which we have discovered by the help of Microscopes and we may see as wonderful power, contrivance wisdom and goodness displayed in them, as we have seen in the astonishingly larger scale

of created things. But as I have alluded to the smallness of the particles of light, the consideration of the smallness of the particles of bodies inanimate, as of Gold and Light for instance, which may be demonstrated to be smaller than the human mind can conceive, may enable us to form some better idea of the smallness of microscopic objects. I will make a few remarks on both Gold and Light, before I touch upon the subject of microscopic discoveries. Now as Gold-Beaters extend one grain of gold into a leaf containing fifty square inches; and an inch can be divided into 100 parts, every one of which will be visible to the bare eye; each square inch may be divided into 100 times 100 or 10,000 visible parts; and the whole leaf of fifty inches, into 50,000 visible parts, and as a cubic inch of pure gold weighs 4,861 grains, one grain must be the $\frac{1}{4861}$ part of a cubic inch, and the visible parts just mentioned must be the $\frac{1}{4861 \times 50000}$ or $\frac{1}{243050000}$ part of a cubic inch; that is, if a cubic inch were divided into 2430,500,000 parts, each of them might be seen.

But small as we may here perceive a particle of gold which is visible, must be, it must be many times larger than the particles of blood, in the little animals which Lewenhoeck says he saw in the milt of a Codfish. He computed that "a grain of common sand is bigger than four millions of those animals." How small then must be the particles of their blood or animal juices? And yet it is compared that they would exceed the size of the particles of Light, as

mountains do single grains of sand. And thus inconceivably small must be the particles of Light, as they move with a velocity 10,314 times greater than that of the earth in its orbit; that is 10,314 times 18 miles 8 tenths in a second, or 193,903 miles—for with this velocity were their size greater, they would beat out the human eye, instead of assisting its vision. They are indeed so small that they pass in all directions through the pores of glass—and that great Philosopher and Optician Rittenhouse said of them "that light will appear to have as free passage thro' a piece of glass, as the comets have in the planetary regions."

EUSEBIUS.

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"LETTERS to a young Lady on a course of English Poety, by J. AIKIN.

LETTER XII.

Extracts continued from page 235.

STILL keeping in the walk of blank verse, I now, my dear Mary, offer to your perusal a poem, in which the art is employed in unfolding its own nature and origin. The "Pleasures of Imagination," by Dr. AKENSIDE, is a piece of the philosophical or metaphysical kind, the purpose of which is to investigate the source of those delights which the mind derives from the contemplation of the objects presented to the senses by nature, and also from those imitations of them which are produced by the arts of poetry and painting. You have already had examples of the manner in which moral and theological argumentation ally themselves with poetry; and perhaps the effect has been to convince you that reasoning and system-building

are not the proper occupations of verse. If this be admitted as a general truth, an exception may be pleaded for reasonings of which poetry itself is the object; especially if the positions advanced are made good rather by illustration, than by logical demonstration. The work before us affords a proof of the justness of such an exception; for a more splendid poem, more replete with rich and lofty imagery, will not easily be found within the range of English composition. It is true, a previous habit of speculation, and an acquaintance with the common theories of the human mind, are requisite for entering into it with a thorough relish, nor can it be fully comprehended without a close and attentive perusal. It is not calculated, therefore, to become a favourite with cursory readers, who will always prefer the easy gratification afforded by narrative and descriptive poetry. I recommend it to you, however, as an instructive exercise which in the first instance, will usefully employ the intellectual faculties, and will furnish your memory with a store of exquisite passages formed to dwell upon the mind after they have been well fixed by a clear view of the whole plan of which they are a part. It will be an useful preparation to read those papers of Addison in the *Spectator*, on the Pleasures of the Imagination, which have served for the ground work of this poem, and which are very elegant and beautiful prose compositions. Akenside's own account of his design, and the heads of his books, should also be attentively perused. I do not fear the imputation of partiality in further recommending to you Mrs. Barbauld's critical essay on this poem,

prefixed to an ornamented edition of it published by Cadell and Davies. You cannot meet with a guide of a more acknowledged taste and intelligence.

The versification of Akenside is perhaps the most perfect specimen of blank verse that the language affords. If it has not the compass of melody sometimes attained by Milton, it is free from his inequalities. Not a line is harsh or defective, and the pauses are continually varied with the skill of a master. His diction is equally the result of cultivation. It is rich, warm, and elegant; highly adorned when the subject favours ornament; chastely dignified at other times; but never coarse or negligent. It might, perhaps, be accused of stiffness, were its topics more allied to common life; but a philosophical disquisition may demand a language remote from vulgar use; and his particular school of philosophy was accustomed to a stately phraseology. His sentiments are all of the elevated and generous kind; his morality is pure and liberal; his theology simple and sublime. He was the perpetual foe of tyranny and superstition, and stands prominent in the rank of the friends of light and liberty.

Another considerable performance of this author, also in blank verse, is his "Hymn to the Naiads." The character of one of the most *classical* poems in the English language will perhaps but dubiously recommend it to your favour. In fact, it sounds the very depths of Grecian mythology; and a mere English reader may well be started at the mystical solemnity with which his "song begins,"

First of things

Were Love and Chaos. Love,
the sire of Fate,
Elder than Chaos.

If, however, you will venture upon reading a piece with the chance of but half understanding it, you may derive some fine ideas from this Hymn, which is a product of poetry as well as of erudition.

It would be strange if among the writers in blank verse an early place were not allotted to the well-known name of THOMSON. The "Seasons" of that amiable writer yields, perhaps, to no other English poem in popularity; and being of the descriptive kind, would properly have been one of the first offered to your notice, had not a precedence been given to the compositions in rhymed verse. It is the most considerable of all the poems which have description for their direct object; for although the moral and religious lessons to be deduced from a survey of nature were probably before the author's mind when he fixed upon his plan, yet they are rather the improvements of his subject than an essential part of it. The successive changes in the face of external nature, as modified by the changes of the year, are the proper argument of his work. Each of the four Seasons, indeed, is a separate piece, having its distinct opening and termination; and nothing appears to connect them into a general design but the concluding Hymn. They really, however, form a whole; for they compose the natural history of the year; a period marked out by astronomical laws for a complete circle of those incidents and appearances which depend upon the influence of the sun upon our earth. In all the temperate climates this revolution

also has a similitude to that round of being which is comprehended in the life of man. The year may be said to commence its birth with the revival of nature from the torpidity of winter. The season of Spring, therefore, is its infancy and youth, in which it puts forth buds and blossoms of future increase. The Summer is its manhood, during which its fruits are successively proceeding to maturation. The Autumn completes its maturity, collects its stores, abates its ardour, and at length delivers it to the chill decline and final extinction of Winter. In this parallel consists that personification of the year which gives unity to its poetical history. The seasons arrange themselves into natural order, like the acts of a well-constructed drama, and the catastrophe is brought about by an inevitable cause.

But although Thomson found the general outline of his work ready drawn to his hand, yet to fill it up adequately required both a copious stock of ideas, and judgment for selecting and disposing them. It also demanded in an eminent degree that warmth and force of painting which might give an air of novelty to objects for the most part familiar to his readers. Further, as a series of mere descriptions, however varied, could scarcely fail to tire in a long work, it was requisite to animate them by a proper infusion of sentiment. *Man* was to be made a capital figure in the land-scape, and *manners* were to enliven and dignify the rural scene. Nor would the character of this writer suffer him to forget the *Great Cause* of all the wonders he described. In his mind religion mingled itself with poetic rapture,

and led him from the glories of creation to the greatness of the Creator. All the changes of the year are regarded by him but as "the varied God;" and this conception affords another point of union to the miscellaneous matter of the poem.

Thomson was one of the first of our poets who ventured upon minute and circumstantial description. He viewed nature with his own eyes for the purpose of copying her; and was equally attentive to the beauty and curiosity of her smaller works, as to her scenes of awful grandeur and sublimity. His mind, however, seems most in unison with the latter, and he succeeds in his pictures, in proportion to their magnitude. His language also is best suited to themes of dignity; it is expressive and energetic, abounding in compound epithets and glowing metaphors, but inclining to turgidity, and too stiff and stately for familiar topics. He wants the requisite ease for narrative; and his stories, though interesting from the benevolence and tenderness of the sentiments, are told without grace or vivacity. He has only once attempted a scene of humour, and has entirely failed. In the art of versification he does not excel. His lines are monotonous, and afford few examples of pleasing melody. They are such blank verse as is composed with little effort, and indulges the indolence of the writer.

But whatever may be the defects of this poem, it is one that can never cease to give delight as long as nature is loved and studied, and as long as liberal and dignified sentiments find sympathetic breasts. No poetical performance may more confidently be recommended to the

juvenile reader, whose fondness for it is one of the most unequivocal marks of a pure and well-disposed mind. Make it the companion of your walks; lay it beside you on the garden-seat; and doubt not that its perusal will always improve your sensibility to the charms of nature, and exalt your ideas of its great Creator.

You will have discovered from the Seasons that Thomson was an ardent friend of civil liberty, and he lived at a time when writers of such a spirit met with distinguished patrons. Thus doubly inspired, he devoted a large share of his exertions to the cause of freedom, and particularly composed a long work under the title of "Liberty." As it is my present purpose to direct you solely in your poetical reading, I have no business to enjoin you a political task; and this piece of Thomson's is, in fact, little more than history in blank verse. Its sentiments are generous and soundly constitutional, and some of its pictures are well drawn; but it has more of the rhetorician than of the poet, and its general effect is tediousness. His "Britannia" is a smaller work, written for the purpose of rousing the nation to war—you will probably pass it by. Nor can I much recommend to you his "Poem on the Death of Sir Isaac Newton," the sublime conceptions of which are only to be comprehended by one familiar with the philosophy of that great man, and to such an one would appear to no advantage. This may suffice for the blank verse compositions of Thomson: we shall hereafter meet with him upon other ground. But I have given you enough to occupy your attention for some time; so, for the present, farewell!

An Idea of Luxury.

A People, living strangers to luxury, and confining themselves to the first simple gifts which nature bestows, living naked, without any settled habitation, without agriculture, continue ever, while it so exists, in the same state of weakness, indigence and stupidity; a more active people, studying to improve their situation, become more and more enlightened, and are constantly gathering strength and wealth, so long as moral causes do not impede their progress. Hence then occurs the following plain reasoning:

The idea of building a house, and that of raising plants for food, are dictated by that natural instinct which leads man to profit by his genius, employing it to procure himself conveniences. From these first ideas flow a thousand others, as a consequence of the same principle, and altogether produce the formation of great societies and their power. Hence arise arts, manufactures, trades, and all the luxuries of life, that constitute the strength and power of a nation.

To reason closely, gilded ceilings, bronzes, porcelain, are, in fact, no more luxurious, than shoes or stockings. In Poland, Hungary, and in some parts of Scotland, the peasantry, in common, cover not their feet or legs with any thing; whenever they do, it is by way of dress, as white gloves are worn by us. Men and women there take long journeys barefooted, even at times when the country is covered with snow. All is relative, shoes, to a person who never wore any, are a very troublesome superfluity. A precious vase upon a chimney piece, is an agreeable superfluity. Ornaments that

decorate the house, the clothes, or the furniture of the rich, are perhaps less superfluities to them, than the money would be with which they would purchase them, if they had no other use to convert it to.

It is idle to talk of one thing being more a luxury than another. All superfluities are luxuries; and what is not immediately necessary, is superfluous; of course, every thing that is not essential to our existence, is a luxury. He, who, not finding himself at ease, when sleeping on the ground, contrived to weave the first mat of rushes for his repose, consulted his indulgence as much as he who since composed the bed of down. They each made use of those materials they could get. It was circumstance only that prevented the one, as well as the other, from accomplishing the object of his wishes.

If I may, without luxury, cover myself with a sheep skin, merely cut and made, into a form to fit me and enable me to use my limbs; if I may, also without being reproached with luxury, carry my ingenuity further, and make me a coat with the wool of this animal, coarsely spun; do I deserve to be called luxurious, if I spin this wool finer, weave it better, and clothe myself with a better kind of stuff? I make use only of my abilities and my understanding to answer my intention in the best manner possibly, which is to clothe myself conveniently and comfortably. As soon then as I am allowed to make use of art, be it ever so little, to procure me any one enjoyment; upon what principles would they prohibit my employing all the art of which I am capable? Would they alledge that luxury consists in cleverness of execution?

And, if I may, without luxury, make use of the wool, a part of one animal, I may equally without incurring reproach, employ the parts of any other animal, or any thing convertible into clothes, whether it be goats beard, flax, cotton, or silk. These materials bear all the same rank in nature; and when I can obtain them, I may indifferently use them as I please; one is, in itself, no more a luxury than another. The same may be said of every thing I use. The materials of which a thing is made, are no more a luxury than the thing itself. Gold and lead, diamonds and flints, are productions of the earth intrinsically equal. My choice only is reprehensible or not, according as the qualities of the materials I use answer or not answer my intentions. In considering things absolutely, there is no other rule to go by.

If, then, useful inventions, and those that are merely pleasurable, partake (as is evident they do) of the same principle; if all things that are not immediately necessary, are luxuries, it is ridiculous to condemn either this or that; a manufacture of the most trifling article is not without its advantage to the state, as it tends to create that disbursement from which the state draws its resources, and employs a number of hands.

History of the Armenians.

Several Armenian families, about the middle of the last century, settled at Kasan, but these being soon afterwards reduced to seven by an epidemical distemper, they took with them all their effects, and removed to Astrachan; where by the opportunities of gain afforded them by Peter the Great,

and in consequence of severe oppressions in Persia, numbers of their countrymen joined them at various times; some settling as merchants on their own bottoms, and others travelling to and fro, as factors to Persian employers. Many of them again dispersed themselves abroad; some from Astrachan, and others from Persia, Georgia, America, and the Crimea, went to Orenburg, Kislar, Mosdok, Mosco, St. Petersburg, and several other cities of the empire, where they settled. Some have only a temporary settlement in those places; but for the most part they hold close together. In 1746 the Armenians in Astrachan were reckoned at 200 houses. In the same city they amounted, in 1770, to 1281 males. In 1778 the Armenians of the peninsula of the Crimea came from thence, and surrendered themselves voluntary subjects to Russia. The Empress granted them one year's exemption on from all rents, for the support of their establishments, together with all the advantages formerly granted to this nation. They fixed their residence in the newly constituted government of Azef, where they established a tannery, and all ready begin to reap the fruits of their enterprize. This colony (now 18,000 strong) brought with it a presiding bishop, confirmed by the Court; and the Roman Catholic part of them have likewise a spiritual director.

"The Armenians are stout and robust, seldom large, and commonly lean. They have black hair and eyes, and the tawney colour of their meagre visages gives their countenance a melancholy appearance, and a Hebrew look. The

women are generally handsome, and many of them would pass for Jewesses. They have a great aptitude to all arts and professions, to which they apply themselves with much dexterity, but are not fond of very hard work, if they can avoid it. Traffic is what they passionately pursue, in which they shew themselves industrious, acute, and very greedy of gain. Their whole life is spent in troublesome journeys for the sake of profit. They are by no means enterprising in their commerce, but rather increase small interest into large by delaying the profit.

"They have a language of their own, written in an alphabet peculiar to them. The Armenian has nothing in common with the other oriental languages, except its generic formation. They have good schools; but the pursuit of merchandize and the love of lucre absorbs all their faculties, and therefore they have no remarkably learned men among them. There is an Armenian Printing-Office at Venice, and another was opened at Trieste, in the year 1774. They are both supported chiefly by promoting books translated from other languages.

"In their own country the Armenians dwell in small, light, wooden huts; but in Russia they build their houses either of timber or brick, in the European manner. Their household economy is simple, and cleanliness and frugality prevail among them.

"The men wear their beards, and the hair combed over their foreheads. Their shirts have no collars, so that they go quite bare necked all the summer; but in winter they put on a stock or cravat. The Armenian dress is much

in the Eastern style, only not so long, and their garments are buttoned before with a great number of little buttons. They seldom wear shoes, but in general either buskins or slippers.—The women dress nearly in the same manner with the men, adding only a few feminine ornaments about their heads. There is no difference between the clothing of the matrons and the maidens. The females are in general very handsome; besides a good person and a fine shape, they have rosy cheeks, black eyes and hair, and yellow nails. Their ruddy complexion, however is artificial, as they paint their cheeks very much. Their black pomatum is made of grease, stinking oil, burnt gall-nuts, sulphur, and verdigrise. They smear their eye brows also with this pomatum, or with the coal of a burnt almond. For blacking their eyes they buy a black powder, very fine, at a high price, and have it blown into their eyes through a quill. After a little time this practice is attended with no pain, though at first very troublesome. They colour their nails with fresh balsam leaves bruised, alum, and goose dung.

"Their table is very simple and cleanly, light, wholesome, and well-tasted. They are likewise very moderate in their drinking, and are enemies to waste and superfluity on all occasions.

"They are great lovers of gardens, but confine themselves to fruits and flowers, cultivating only what is necessary and useful, and the proper production of the place. Convenience is their object, and pleasantness is an accidental circumstance.

"Their entertainments are en-

cumbered with numberless formalities. The corpse, after being well washed, is carried, commonly on the day after the decease, in great ceremony to the church, in a coffin ornamented according to the circumstances of the defunct, accompanied by the deacons, bearing torches, with the bishop and all his clergy, clothed in their pontifical habits, and likewise the friends and the relations of both sexes. The procession being arrived at the church, they burn incense, and say prayers for the dead; and the rest of the day is spent in eating and drinking. On the morrow, all the company repair to the house of the deceased, and from thence proceed in procession to the church, where the priests sing and pray again, and then the body is carried to the place of burial with much ceremony, but accompanied only by men. A few days after they go and bewail the dead at his grave, returning every day for six weeks, to repeat masses for the departed souls of all the faithful. To say prayers for the dead, and to have mass for departed souls, and yet not to admit the doctrine of purgatory, must appear very contradictory to those who are ignorant that the Armenians are of opinion that mankind will not be punished or rewarded till the day of judgment; and that, in expectation of that great day, the souls in a separate state stir about in the regions of air.

The Journal of a Wilshire Clergyman.

Monday.—Received ten pounds from the rector Dr. Snarl, being one half year's salary; obliged to wait a long time before my admission to the Dr. and even when ad-

mitted, was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had walked eleven miles.—Item, the Dr. said he could have the curacy filled for fifteen pounds a year.

Tuesday.—Paid nine pounds to seven different people, but could not buy the second-hand pair of black breeches offered as a great bargain by Cabbage the taylor, my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betsy nor Polly having a shoe to go to church.

Wednesday.—My wife bought a petticoat for herself, and shoes for her two daughters, but unluckily in coming home, dropped half a Guinea through a hole, which she had never before perceived in her pocket, and reduced all our cash in the world to half a crown.—Item, chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune, and tenderly advised her to depend upon the goodness of God.

Thursday.—Received a note from the ale-house at the top of the hill, informing me, that a Gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business.—Went and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for seven-pence half-penny, and in a struggle what to do. The Baker, though we had paid him but on Tuesday, quarrelled with us, to avoid giving any credit in future, and George Greasy, the butcher, sent us word, that he heard it whispered how the rector intended to take a curate, who would do the parish duty at an inferior price, and therefore, though he would do any thing to serve me, advised me to deal with Peter Paunch at the upper end of the town; mortifying reflections these—but a want of humanity, is in my opinion a want of justice. The

father of the universe lends his blessings to us, with a view that we should relieve a brother in distress, and we consequently do no more than pay a debt, when we perform an act of benevolence.—Paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket, and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

Friday.—A very scanty dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill, that by avoiding to eat, I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and children.—I told my wife what I had done with the shilling: the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears.—

Mem. Never to contradict her as long as I live—for the mind that can argue like her's, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even amiable for its indiscretion, and in every lapse from the severity of æconomy, performs an act of virtue, superior to the value of a kingdom.

Saturday.—Wrote a Sermon, which on

Sunday.—I preached at four different parishes, and came home excessively wearied and hungry: no more money than two-pence half penny in the house, but see the goodness of God! the strolling player, whom I relieved was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard that I was as humane as I was indigent, and from a generous eccentricity of temper, wanted to do me an essential piece of service. I had not been an hour at home when he came in, and declared himself my friend, put a fifty pound note into my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of three hundred a year.

NEW-YORK, August 1.

On Wednesday morning last, the body of a young man genteely dressed, was found dead on the shore at Wheehawk, near the monument of General Hamilton. Information was immediately given to the coroner, and the body was conveyed to the city of Jersey, where an inquest was held—On examination, it appeared that he had shot himself through the head with a ball from a large horse pistol, which tore off part of his ear. His name was J. A. Bettell, a foreigner about the age of 20 years. Two letters were found in his pocket one addressed to the person who might find his body, the other to a gentleman at Brooklyn. In those letters he signifies his intention of destroying himself; that he was tired of his life—and could not bear the idea of his beloved (whom he styles his Matilda) being in the arms of another. In one of the letters is his will bequeathing two thirds of his property to Matilda, and the remainder to the family of the gentleman above named. The letters are dated the 27th ult. and it is supposed he perpetrated the horrid deed on that day. On Monday afternoon he was seen near the monument with a book in his hand, and on being observed, drew his hat over his eyes. The book was found on the ground by his side, and was "The Sorrows of Werter." It lay open at the place where Werter writes to Charlotte:

"They are loaded—the clock strikes twelve—I go Charlotte, Charlotte! Farewell! Farewell."

That and several other passages in the book corresponding with his unhappy situation, were marked by him with a pen.

BLENHEIM PARK.

The palace or castle of Blenheim, one of the most magnificent piles of architecture in Great Britain, and perhaps in the whole world; stands in the finest part of one of the finest counties in England, within half a mile of the borough of New Woodstock; distant about eight miles from the University of Oxford, and sixty three from London. The surrounding country is fertile and irriguous, adorned with woods, and abounding with seats of the nobility and gentry; the air is pure, mild, and salubrious; and all the necessities and many of the elegancies of life are plentiful and choice.

Blenheim was built at the public expense in the reign of Queen Anne, by whom, with the concurrence of parliament, which voted half a million for its completion, it was conferred, together with the annexed demesnes, on the most illustrious John Duke of Marlborough, as a testimony of royal favour and national gratitude for his transcendent services, and the many signal victories he had gained over the French and Bavarians, particularly that near the village of Blenheim, on the Banks of the Danube, from which this noble palace received its name.

Blenheim is the triumph of picturesque gardening. It is the noble triumph of national generosity. Imagine a magnificent park of twelve miles square, where all the sublimity of thousands of aged oaks and elms, the beauty of a spreading lake, the swell of hills and lawns, the continual softness of a velvet turf, the sportiveness of deer, kids, horses, and the massive grandeur

of Vanbrugh's architecture, are all brought together in one coup d'œil, and you will get a faint idea of some of the views with which this spot abounds. Versailles with all its grand formality would be really uninteresting, if it could be put by the side of Blenheim. Such is the difference between nature assisted by art, and nature destroyed or concealed by art, though a thousand times more laborious and expensive.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

"I fear that you harbour vindictive intentions against the man who has injured you," said the physician.

"I know no other reason which you can have for your suspecting that I harbour such intentions," said the Portuguese, "but your thinking it impossible, after what you know of this man's behaviour that it should be otherwise; could you be surprised if it were as you suspect?"

"Nor shall I be surprised," rejoined the doctor; "if you are convicted and executed for gratifying your revenge in such an unjustifiable manner. This is the best argument that can be made use of to one who despises the Christian religion."

"I do not understand you! What do you mean?" said the Portuguese.

"Why that you are in that predicament," answered the physician.

"Who! I despise the Christian religion!" cried the Portuguese, in terror and amazement. "Jesus Maria! you fill me with horror! why! sir, I take the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, with St. Joseph her husband, St. James,

and all the hosts of Heaven to witness, that I attend mass regularly, and have from my infancy believed in every article of faith which our holy mother church requires; and I am ready to believe twice as much whenever she is pleased to exact it; if this is not being a Christian, I should be glad to know what is."

"Nay, my good friend," resumed the physician, "it is matter of indifference to me what you do, or do not believe; but if you understood the *spirit* of the Christian religion half as well as you believe what the church exacts, you will find that your attending mass regularly, confessing your sins sincerely, performing penance faithfully, not eating a morsel of meat on Friday, and with a most punctual perseverance repeating daily your Pater-Noster, Ave-Maria, and Credo to the last bead of the Rosary, that all your faith, in a word, into the bargain, will not make you a Christian, while you indulge such a violent spirit of revenge."

"As for that," replied the Portuguese, (and he spoke the true sentiments of his heart) "neither the church nor the Christian religion have any thing to do with it; that is my affair, and depends on my private feelings; and it is impossible for me ever to forget a villain who attempted to injure me."

"It is because he attempted to injure you, that it is in your power as a man, and your duty as a Christian to forgive him. Had he never injured you, nor even attempted it, it would indeed be impossible for you to have the merit of forgiving him."

The physician, founding his arguments on passages of a sermon to

be found in the Gospel of St. Matthew, for this happened to be a physician who sometimes read the bible, endeavoured to give the Portuguese a different notion of these matters. At first he thought the passages in question of a very singular nature; and as they were plain and intelligible, containing nothing mysterious he could hardly believe they were orthodox; yet on being informed who the person was, who had preached this sermon, he could not deny that it had a fair chance of being sound Christianity.

Dr. Moore.

It is well known that Voltaire was of opinion, that coffee cleared the brain, and stimulated the genius. His practice was in unison with his theory. Of this inspiring beverage he drank copiously during the whole of his latter days. Buonaparte is likewise a great lover of the berry of Mocha. The physicians say, that he debauches with coffee. If Voltaire's opinion be just, no wonder the French are so lively and full of invention; for coffee is an article of which they make an uncommon consumption. Indeed, if Fame may be credited, the Prior of a monastery, in Arabia, on the word of a shepherd who had remarked that his goats were particularly *frisky*, when they had eaten the berries of the coffee tree, first made a trial of their virtue on the monks of his convent to prevent them from *sleeping during divine service*.

A young man, who boasted having discovered the secret of making gold, claimed a reward from his sovereign. The monarch appeared to acquiesce very graciously.

ously in his demand, and the alchymist promised himself the highest honours : when he went, however for his recompense, he had the mortification to receive only a large empty purse, with this consolation, " That since he knew how to make gold, he needed but a purse to keep it in."

A Grecian and a Venetian had a dispute concerning the different learned men their respective countries could boast of. The Grecian to prove at once his country had the pre-eminence, said, " all or most of the wise men had come out of Greece." " True," said the Venetian, " for we do not find any left."

Bautru being in Spain, paid a visit to the celebrated library of the Escorial, which happened at that time to be under the care of a very *ignorant* librarian. The king of Spain asked him many questions concerning his entertainment. " It is a most incomparable treat," replied he, " but your majesty ought to make your librarian prime lord of the Treasury, as he never appropriates any of the *riches* in his care to his own use."

Dorian, a celebrated wit, having lost a large gouty shoe, being much afflicted with that disorder, said, " The only harm I wish the thief is, that my shoe may fit him."

An officer of a disbanded regiment, applying to the paymaster of the forces for his arrears, told him he was in the most extreme want. The treasurer, seeing him of a jovial and ruddy aspect, told him that his countenance belied his complaint. " For heaven's sake

my, lord," said the officer, " do not mistake; the visage you see is not mine, but my landlady's; for she has fed me on credit this twelve months."

Mr. Garrow, examining a witness, asked him what his business was : he answered, " *A dealer in old iron.*" " Then," said the counsel, " you must of course be a thief."—" I dont see," replied the witness, " why a dealer in *iron* must necessarily be a thief, more than a dealer in *brass.*"



SONNET,

BY ANNA SEWARD.

Short is the time the oldest being
lives
Nor has longevity one *hour* to
waste ;
Life's duties are proportion'd to
the haste
With which it fleets away ;—
each day receives
Its task, that if neglected, surely
gives
The morrow *double* toil.—Ye,
who have pass'd
In idle sport the days that fled
so fast,
Days, that nor Grief recalls, nor
care retrieves,
At length be wise, and think, that
of the part
Remaining in that vital period
given,

How short the date, and at the prospect start,
 Ere to the extremest verge your steps be driv'n!
 Nor let a moment unimprov'd depart,
 But view it as the *latest* trust of Heaven!

—
 VERSE TO A TEAR.

Pellucid drop of sacred dew,
 In Sorrow's briny fountain bred,
 That from the eye of mildest blue
 Fall'st on the cheek of softest red.

Sweet tear! what orient gem reveals

A lustre to the Sun more bright;
 Than what this limpid bosom steals
 From the mild eye that swims
 in light.

Offspring of Sorrow, and its cure!
 That through the eye reliev'st
 the heart,
 As the descending rain drops pure
 Exhaust the clouds from which
 they part.

Yes, to the heart thou giv'st relief
 As dews the parching flowrets
 cheer:

Sweet is the ecstasy of grief,
 And sweet the rapture of a tear!

Hail, little sphere of ray serene,
 I love thee for my Mira's sake;
 Thou prov'st her heart to feeling
 keen,
 And gentlest sympathy awake.

Pure is her bosom as thine own,
 Now trembling on her cheek so
 fair,
 That well might tempt an angel
 down
 To kiss thee from the roses
 there.

In climes remote, on India's shore
 A banish'd lover droops and
 sighs,
 When to his gloomy mind once
 more,
 His fancy gives what fate denies.

For sad, and hopeles, and forlorn,
 The blighted wretch who loves
 in vain;
 To keenest misery is born,
 Curs'd with a life of ceaseless
 pain.

No sordid interest made him roam,
 Ambition vainly boasts his joys;
 'Twas love that drove him far from
 home;
 'Tis hopeless love his peace de-
 stroys.

A nymph, enchanting as the morn,
 Lovely as May in blooming
 charms,
 Whose mind kind nature's gifts
 adorn,
 And whose pure heart each vir-
 tue warms.

Stole with a Syren's spell his heart;
 A heart alas! too warm, too
 true!

No wish'd return could she impart,
 For hope, delusive mock'd his
 view.

Now, frenzied and in deep despair,
 Heedless of life, and gone his
 ease,
 He flies the dear obdurate fair
 And seeks the bois'trous stormy
 seas.

Where the loud gale's impetuous
 rage
 Lifts to the skies the mountain
 wave,
 Such kindred horrors grief assuage,

And pleas'd he hears the tempest rave.

Unconscious he of danger, fear,
With careless eye the glare is seen
Of liv'd flashes darting near
While darken'd horrors intervene.

Alas ! no gleam of cheering light
Breaks on the tempest of his mind,
There all is gloomy as the night ;
No ray of comfort can he find.

Condemn'd a wanderer far to roam,
He seeks a savage distant shore ;
Dead to the world, a prey to love ;
And thinks of happiness no more.

—
SONG—MUTUAL LOVE.

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life :
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss :
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Ev'n years have not destroy'd ;
Some sweet sensation ever new
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,

That love can ne'er be cloy'd.
Have I a wish ? 'Tis all for thee ;
Hast thou a wish ? 'Tis all for me ;
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise (and cares will come)

Thy bosom is my softest home,
I lull me there to rest ;
And is there aught disturbs my fair ?
I bid her sigh out all her care,
And lose it on my breast.

—
SONG.

Of all Heaven gives to comfort man

And cheer his drooping soul,
Show me a blessing, he who can,
To top the flowing bowl :
When amorous Strephon, dying swain,

Whose heart his Daphne stole,
Is jilted to relieve his pain,
He seeks the flowing bowl.

When husbands hear, in hopeless grief,

The knell begin to toll,
They mourn a while, then for relief,

They seek the flowing bowl.
The tar, while swelling waves deform

Old ocean as they roll,
In spite of danger and the storm,
Puts round the flowing bowl.

The miner, who his devious way
Works like the purblind mole,
Still comfort for the loss of day
Finds in the flowing bowl :
It gives to poets lyric wit,
To jesters to be droll :
Anacreon's self had never writ
But for the flowing bowl.

Moisten your clay then, sons of earth,

To Bacchus ; in a shoal
Come on, ye volunteers of mirth,
And by the flowing bowl,
Become immortal, be ador'd,
'Mong gods your names enrol—
Olympus be the festive board,
Nectar the flowing bowl.